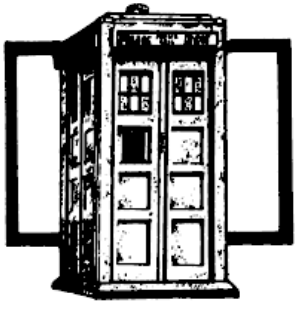
DRABBLE WHO

Edited by

David J. Howe and **David B. Wake**

FEATURING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

Dan Abnett, Sophie Aldred, Brian Ameringen, Peter Anghelides, Geoffrey Arthur, Colin Baker, David Banks, Nigel Bannerman, Christopher Barry, Stephen Baxter, Michael Bell, J. Jeremy Bentham, Ness Bishop, Ian Stuart Black, Chris Boucher, Steve Bowkett, Graham S. Brand, Keith Brooke, David Burke, Tim Chapman, Kevin Chitty, Tony Cooke, Nathan Cooke, Paul Cornell, Fiona Cumming, Richard W. Dance, Peter Darvill-Evans, Andrew W. Donkin, Julian Eales, Stan Eling, George Evans, Michael Ferguson, Ian M. Fraser, John Freeman, Stephen Gallagher, Steve Graeme, David Green, Mervyn Haisman, Elizabeth Halliday, Paul Harrington, Alun Harris, Michael Haslett, David J. Howe, Robert Howe, David Inwood, Simon J. Irving, Alison Jacobs, Louise Jameson, Steven Jenkins, Simon Christopher Jones, Andrew Lane, Glenn Langford, Barry Letts, Peter Ling, David Martin, Chaz Mason, Becky Maude, Tim Maude, Graham McKinnon, Adrian Middleton, Brian Milligan, M. R. Morgan, Steve Morgan, Mark Morris, Jim Mortimore, Amanda Murray, John Nathan-Turner, Kate Orman, John Peel, Victor Pemberton, Jon Pertwee, Martin Pollard, Eric Pringle, Justin Richards, John M. Rimmer, Tony Roach, Nigel Robinson, Nicholas Royle, Gary Russell, Robert Sloman, Chris Sparrow, Mark Stammers, Michael E. P. Stevens, Keith Topping, David Tulley, Jan Vincent-Rudzki, David B. Wake, Stephen James Walker, John Wiles and Stephen Wyatt.



ISBN 1-870824-21-0 £8.99 BECCON Publications

David J. Howe is co-author of a series of ongoing factual books on *Doctor Who*. He provides a book review column for *Starburst* magazine and is currently editor of the British Fantasy Society Newsletter. He is married, lives in Surrey and cannot see the attraction of carnivorous plants.

David B. Wake is the same age as *Doctor Who* and, although his surname isn't a question, he has the same initials. He produced Birmingham University SF Society's magazine: "The Six Chairbeings". He was the sixth Chairbeing. He lives in Bournville where he is converting his garden into a golf course.

CONTENTS

This book is the 3rd collection of Drabbles to be produced and, in common with the first two volumes, contains one hundred stories.

LIMITATION

Each story has exactly one hundred words, with up to fifteen more for titles or subtitles.

PUBLICATION

The publication of this book coincides with the 30th anniversary of Dr Who, which was first shown on British television on 23rd Nov 1963.

ROYALTIES

All the authors in this book, both amateur and professional, together with the editors and publisher have waived their rights to any share of the profits. All profits will be donated to the RNIB Talking Book Fund.

DEDICATION

For Gladys and in memory of George - a couple of great grandparents (DJH).

For Rob Meades, who co-edited the previous Drabble books with me, and Kathy Westhead, who didn't (DBW).

WITH THANKS TO:

Peter Darvill-Evans for initial contacts, Chris Weller and BBC Books for giving the go-ahead, Colin Howard for the interior illustrations, Mark Stammers for advice and assistance on the cover, Paul Vyse for the cover design and layout, Andrew Beech and all the organisers of **Panopticon '93**, John Freeman, Gary Russell and **Doctor Who Magazine** for their continuing support, and to all those who enthusiastically responded to our plea for contributions - we couldn't have done it without you.

DRABBLE WHO

Edited by David J. Howe
and David B. Wake

© Copyright BECCON Publications

September 1993

Full copyright reverts to contributors on publication.
Interior illustrations by Colin Howard.
Cover layout and design by Paul Vyse.

FIRST EDITION
ISBN 1 - 870824 - 21 - 0

1000 hardbound copies
of which the contributors
receive one copy each.

BECCON PUBLICATIONS
75 ROSSLYN AVENUE
HAROLD WOOD
ESSEX RM3 ORG

Typeset, printed and bound in Great Britain
by The Longdunn Press Limited
Barton Manor, St Philips, Bristol BS2 ORL

INTRODUCTION

DAVID J. HOWE

(Editor)

Doctor Who has affected the lives of many people, either because they have contributed to it, or because they enjoy watching it. We hope that, through this collection, we can touch the lives of some people who may never have seen a Dalek, or witnessed the TARDIS dematerialise.

With the help of one hundred fans and professionals we explore the worlds of *Doctor Who*, whilst raising valuable revenue for the RNIB Talking Book Library. This allows many thousands of blind and partially sighted people to enter the myriad worlds of fiction, and to enjoy the sights that they find there.

DRABBLE RULES:
THE ONE HUNDRED WORD VARIANT

DAVID B. WAKE

(Editor)

Introduction

Drabble is played sitting around a fire, while sipping brandy and partaking of pleasant conversation with friends. The first person to finish a novel wins.

A Doubtful History

The first game of drabble, a name coined in a Monty Python sketch, was played at the beginning of the last century. The winner was Mary Shelley with *Frankenstein* and Polidori, who didn't actually finish during that stormy weekend, came second with *The Vampire*.

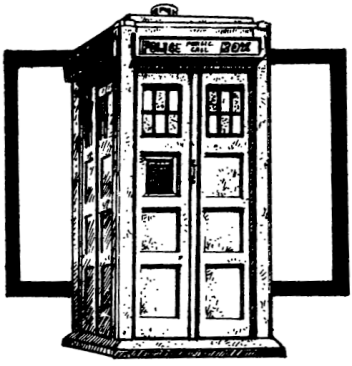
The Rules

'One hundred words' must be EXACTLY one hundred words: not a syllable more, not a letter less. In addition, up to fifteen words (title, sub-titles, and the like) are allowed.

Hyphenated-words-are-argued-about.

The End

PROLOGUE



A DEFINITIVE REFERENCE WORK?

STEPHEN JAMES WALKER

(Writer/Researcher)

A quick potted history of *Doctor Who:*

First Doctor Susan Foreman Barbara Wright Ian Chesterton Daleks Vicki Steven Taylor The Monk Katarina Sara Kingdom Dodo Chaplet Polly Ben Jackson Cybermen Second Doctor Jamie McCrimmon Victoria Waterfield Yeti Ice Warriors Alastair Gordon Lethbridge Stewart Zoe Herriot Third Doctor Liz Shaw The Silurians Benton Jo Grant Mike Yates The Master Sarah Jane Smith Sontarans Fourth Doctor Harry Sullivan The Master Leela Romana I Romana II Adric Nyssa The Master Tegan Jovanka Fifth Doctor The Mara Turlough Peri Brown Sixth Doctor The Rani Mel Bush Seventh Doctor Ace.

Who needs a story synopsis?

WHO COUNTS AS ONE WORD?

DAN ABNETT

(Comic Strip Writer)

Working to a strict word limit can be the most demanding task a writer ever faces. All the matter contained in his words must be filleted down, and then re-filleted until it is the verbal equivalent of nouvelle cuisine. And what subject do you suggest for so brief an utterance? *Doctor Who*? Great, that's a nice, concise matter. Next, an autobiographical haiku. There is such a heritage of *Who* that you've barely had time to choose a part of it that will make for a really tasty discussion, when you find you're right out of room. Take drashigs for instance...

SOUND EFFECTS

DAVID B. WAKE

(Editor)

Who oo oo
Who oo oo
Who oo oo oo oo oo
(Dum pah diddly, dum pah diddly, dum pah diddly, dum pah diddly)
Who oo oo (pah diddly, dum pah diddly)
Bong... Bong... Bong... Bong...
Vwoorp, vwoorp, vwoorp, vwoorp - thump!
«click»
Pishhh'tik'a.
Scrunch, scrunch. Scrunch, scrunch. Scrunch.
scrunch...
Dum, dum. Dum, dum. Dum, dum. Da, da, DAH!!
Aaarrrrgggghhhhhhhhh!
Scrunch-scrunch, scrunch-scrunch, scrunch-scrunch.
Pishhh'tik'a.
«click»
«click-click» «click» «click-click» «click» «click»
«click»
Vwoorp, vwoorp, vwoorp, vwoorp...
Eeeeoooowwwww: (Dum pah diddly, dum pah diddly, dum pah diddly, dum pah diddly) Who oo oo (pah diddly, dum pah diddly)
Phss'tk, Phss'tk, Phss'tk.
WaaaAAAaaaAAAaaa - thunk.

RASSILON AND THE SERPENT TONGUE
(An Old Gallifreyan Legend)

JULIAN EALES
(Fan)

(Third place in the *Doctor Who Magazine* Drabble competition)

Hunting in the forest, young Rassilon heard hissing from a burning tree. He spied a terrified rainbow hued serpent, which astonished him by pleading for his aid. Raising his staff, the serpent wound down around his arm. Afraid, he agreed to return it to its father, the Serpent King, and to accept no gift except the Gift of Tongues. After many tempting offers, the King relented and granted his request. Rassilon opened his mouth and the King spat into it. Spitting it back, they repeated it twice more. That is how Gallifreyans learned to understand the languages of all races.

INITIAL PARAGRAPHS FROM A DRAFT LETTER TO MY OLDEST COMPANION

PETER ANGHELIDES

(Writer/Researcher)

Theft and disguise started my career, I suppose, though appearing first on that monochrome world Earth established my distinctive style.

Afterwards, my look changed several times - shifting shades of light and dark, subtle variations of line and effect, though I could on occasion transform completely, be unrecognisable or obvious, camouflaged or transparent even to you.

Recognition's rarely a problem now in our spins around the universe.

Doubtless my looks belie my age, but then I transcend more than expectations.

I've known many of your friends, Doctor, yet remain your truest companion.

Sharing the changing times is what keeps us close.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS TO THE TIME LORD ACADEMY BY ITS REGULATOR SCOMBOS

COLIN BAKER

(Actor - The Doctor)

It has come to my attention that a student has been engaged in irregular experimentation in the temporal flow laboratory, resulting in the present condition, which we are experiencing, known technically as 'chronic reflux', whose principal characteristic is discernible to you as 'Time going backwards' - an illusory but irritating condition which we are currently attempting to rectify. This miscreant has attempted to conceal his identity by accessing the control matrix by use of a pseudonym, by which deception he misguidedly hoped to evade detection and punishment.

So if you would step forward 'Doctor' otherwise known as... as known otherwise 'Doctor'.

AT THE ACADEMY

SIMON CHRISTOPHER JONES

(Fan)

The Scriptorium was cold and the Senior Tutor's old hearts beat slowly. He scowled down at the candidates.

"I trained our present Cardinal... Borusa, ten generations ago. I worked with the great Time Pioneers, and *you* are all the Prydonian Chapter can offer!"

He met one student's eyes. 'Theta' was it?

Surely he knew that look. Beyond belief, from his most ancient memories. How was it possible, he wondered, that here and now was a ghost from the Old Times, a figure shadowy as Rassilon, lost as Omega... a student?

Then his gaze moved on, for the look said forget.

THE ACADEMY, FIRST DAY

MARK MORRIS

(Horror Author)

"I dare you."

Melisha shook her head, embarrassed. "I can't just march up and ask him his name."

Krystal sighed. "Well, if you won't I will."

"No, please."

But Krystal was already crossing the room, approaching the handsome young man, speaking to him.

He smiled, nodded, turned to regard Melisha. There was an unconscious arrogance about him that made her squirm inside.

Krystal led the young man back towards their table. Up close he was even more handsome. "Hello," he said softly, taking Melisha's hand.

"Hello," whispered Melisha.

Krystal, smiling, made the introductions. "Melisha," she said grandly, "this is Davros."

THE FIRST DOCTOR

ESCAPE

DAVID INWOOD

(Fan)

(Second place in the *Doctor Who Magazine* Drabble competition)

Stepping over the dead technician, he ran inside the strange machine, pulling the terrified child in after him. Even as the doors closed, alarms screamed out and armed guards stormed the workshop, hoping to prevent his departure.

Inside, his fingers danced furiously over the controls. Within seconds, the glass column before him began to rise and fall. The floor shook as the TARDIS dematerialised.

The Doctor turned to the girl. "It is done."

He held out the TARDIS key, his face beaming. "We can now attain a new understanding. You know Susan, I think I am going to enjoy this."

BEFORE THE BEGINNING

BRIAN AMERINGEN

(Fan)

"Grandfather?"

"Yes, Susan."

"While we're travelling, could you tell me more about this machine?" She gestured around her.

"Well, Susan, I'm not sure your chrono-dimensional-mechanics are really up to it." His eyes twinkled with good humour.

"No, I mean generally, how does it move through time?"

"It doesn't really move through time, more around it, if you follow me."

"But if it's not moving through time, it can never be in time... so it must always be late. I think we should call it, Tardy."

"Not that," he replied thoughtfully. "We really need an acronym... I'll need to consider it..."

HOW IT BEGINS

JAN VINCENT-RUDZKI

(Writer/Researcher)

The light from the fire flickered around the glade, occasionally reaching the dim shape of a police telephone box by the trees. Sparks drifted up as the Doctor moodily prodded the fire.

"Ah, this is the life," said a very contented companion. "What could be better than camping out under the stars?"

Suddenly the companion jumped up, shouting, "Doctor, look out!"

Too late, the Doctor had burnt the cakes. Muttering to himself, the Doctor returned his gaze to the flames.

Slowly, he turned around. "I know, why don't we go..." he paused, a grin spreading across his face, "...and explore."

THE CHASE: PRINCES IN THE TOWER

CHRIS SPARROW

(Fan)

The Doctor operated the door switch, and his three companions moved outside to view their surroundings.

It was a stone building with a cold feel, an old wooden door barred further exploration.

"It's fourteen eighty three," shouted a voice from the TARDIS. The history teacher remembered this as a year with three different kings.

Down in another room a cube materialized. A gritty voice grated, "Time travellers, close."

As the Daleks moved into the next room they saw two young princes. One of them woke... and screamed.

As the Daleks murdered them, so started one of the greatest historical mysteries.

AARDVARK TO DANDRUFF

TIM MAUDE

(Fan)

"I need a name for the enemy in the script."
"What does it look like?"
"It's a metal thing that glides along the floor."
"How about calling it a 'robot'?"
"No - I want a new name - something that people will remember - a name that will go down in history itself!"
"Try the encyclopaedia."
He scanned the dusty volumes on the shelf.

AAR-DAN Aardvark to Dandruff
DAR-LEK Darwin to Lekythos
LEM-PUD Lemming to Pudding
PUF-URT Puffin to Urtica
USU-ZYG Usury to Zygospore

"I've got it, I'll call it a Pufurt!"
Fortunately, in a parallel universe his double had a better idea.

22nd NOVEMBER, 1963

MICHAEL FERGUSON

(Director)

I'd have remembered what I was doing that day, in any case. Trying to stage manage *them*.

It was the Daleks' first day in the studio. They looked wonderful - and we would stick numbers on them during camera rehearsal so's everyone'd know which one's which. How *do* you cue someone who's crouching inside a four-foot, wooden pepperpot?

We finished in triumph and an exhausted Assistant Floor Manager was heading for the bar.

"Bad about Kennedy," ventured the liftman.

"What's bad about him?" I asked.

"Been shot," he said.

Yes, I can remember exactly what I was doing when I heard.

THE MYTH MAKERS
(As Sung Afterwards By Sundry Bards Other Than Homer)

GEOFFREY ARTHUR
(Fan)

Then to the tents of the Greeks
    came Zeus in the guise of a beggar.
Old and forgetful of words,
    white haired, came Zeus the Destroyer,
Unto the cunning Epeius,
    artificer of the Achaeans,
Bringing the false Great Horse,
    dark death unto Ilion's princes:
All through the Thunderer's longing
    for bright well-tressed Katarina.
Her in his temple he took,
    foursquare, deep blue as the heavens,
Mingling in love with the maid,
    fair servant of Pallas Athene.
Strong may the sons she bears him,
    and mighty as once was the kinsman,
Hector, the glittering-helmed one,
    the Trojan, the tamer of horses!

PROBLEM PAGE

NIGEL ROBINSON

(Editor, Author)

Dear Marje, I hate to trouble you,
But I'm somewhat in a tizzy;
I've not touched a drop since Lupercal,
Yet I'm feeling rather dizzy.

You see, there's this old guy, the bossy sort
Who wants me in his collection
he'll teach me all there is to know,
And lead me to perfection.

I know he's older than my dad
(and a girl needs her reputation)
But he'll teach me geog. and history,
So - thank Zeus! - free education!

But what he hasn't told me
- and what could be meaner? -
Is where that door in the airlock leads.
Yours Truly, Katarina.

A GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST?

CHAZ MASON

(Fan)

Christmas Eve.

Christmas 2035 posed a real problem: what do you get the TV enthusiast who has everything?

I had received a tip-off from an anonymous caller, saying that something unusual might be obtained from a particular dealer, but the item scarcely seemed worth the six hundred pounds (*a week's wages!*) that was demanded.

I examined the burnt and dented film canister one last time before agreeing to the price; having bought the item I had left the shop when behind me, a strange groaning sound caused me to pause; then, holding on tightly to 'The Feast of Stephen' I started home.

THE SECOND DOCTOR

FIFTY LIGHT YEARS FROM NOW

DAVID B. WAKE

(Editor)

Vivid colours coalesced on the screen, stuttered and dispersed. The starfield leapt into view.

"Hyperspace jump completed, Captain. Fifty light years confirmed. Coming to a full stop."

"Commence scanning."

"Aye Sir."

The stars looked the same. To the untrained eye they were the same, but some dozen stars had been ripped from their constellations and pinned to the other side of the ship's universe. And there was one new star added to the heavens.

"Scanners locked onto Sol, Sir. We are receiving the original transmission. Ready to decode and record."

Excellent, thought the Captain, at last some new Troughton repeats.

EMPTY WELCOME

STAN ELING

(Fan)

The Doctor, believing that he had landed the TARDIS near Jamie's homestead and on the appropriate date, had told him to return to his clan for a while, so that he himself could keep an appointment alone on Gallifrey to answer serious charges. No sooner had Jamie left however than he came running back in.

"Och we're no in Scotland, nor any land at all," he said. "But aboard ship ye ken, and yon crew overboard and swimming away like Satan himself was after them."

"What ship?" asked the Doctor, astonished.

"Name on the mast is Mary Celeste," answered Jamie.

UNSEEN DANGER

KEVIN CHITTY

(Fan)

Episode One

Emerging from the TARDIS the Doctor surveyed his surroundings. A landscape of abandoned machinery greeted him. Suddenly an electrode burst up, hitting the Doctor's foot.

Episode Two

Falling to the floor, the Doctor's body was instantly surrounded by mechanical tentacles of varying shapes and sizes, which began pulling him under the ground.

Episode Three

As soil began to cover his face, the Doctor regained consciousness. However, struggling against the arms which gripped his body had provoked another electrode attack.

Episode Four

Ducking, the Doctor caused the electrode to miss and hit another tentacle. Exploding, the electronic arms went limp. Unravelling himself, the Doctor left to explore.

FAIL SAFE

KATE ORMAN

(Author)

Smith and Jones stood twenty feet apart, their keys in the locks of the missile control panel.

"I'm scared," said Smith. "What if the alarm was a mistake?"

"They would have told us so by now."

"But if we're wrong - we'll start World War III."

"Shut up!" snapped Jones.

"What if the world isn't supposed to end in 1983? I'm scared!"

Jones looked at the launch countdown clock.

"Five," he said, "four, three, two, one - now!" Trembling, the two men turned their keys. Nothing happened.

"Looking for this?" said the Doctor, walking in with the fuse of the MX missile.

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR

VICTOR PEMBERTON

(Script Editor, Script Writer)

In 1988 I was able to be a guest at my first *Doctor Who* convention. It was in Cardiff. The first question from the audience was as follows:

"Mr Pemberton. In 1968 you attended rehearsals for the first episode of 'Fury from the Deep' at a church hall in London. On page 17 of the script there is a discussion about the seaweed menace. Can you tell us about that discussion?"

As I have great difficulty in remembering what happened the day before, my glazed expression must have been quite off putting for my questioner. I have never looked back.

BEHIND THE SOFA: FIRST MEMORY

DAVID TULLEY

(Fan)

There are corners in this room
that have bred the most terrible things.

Saturday afternoons
they flicker into being
invading my brain
through my eyes.

First memory; a gloomy dirty subway tunnel
a figure shrouded in dark
falls forward
the face
masked in cobwebs,
the image,
lives in my mind.

Second memory; Mad cyberman in the sewers
howling like a banshee
crying like a child
clawing the air in terror and awful fury.

I learnt then that fear
can have a shape.
Some mad robotoid
that walks
the dim passageways
behind my eyes
and comes for me
when I dream.

BACKWARDS RAN SENTENCES AS REELED MINDS

PETER LING

(Script Writer)

Written was script the when again back it taken and, advance in fee my paid have might BBC the that afraid was I perhaps - unworkable as idea the abandoned I eventually.

Away drive would brigade the and, out go would fire the then; ashes the from rise would building the gradually. Flames into burst would it, it upon played hoses the after and ruin smoking and charred a to up drive would engine-fire a - example for. Backwards ran time where dimension a to travelled Doctor the which in, story another up dreamed I 'Robber Mind The And Who Dr.' after.

A TALE FROM A TV COMIC

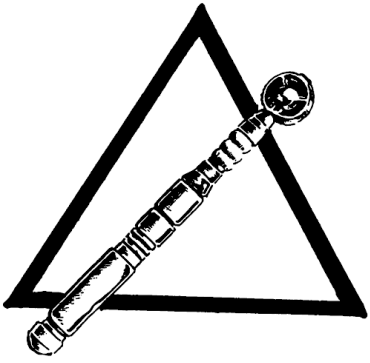
J. JEREMY BENTHAM

(Writer/Researcher)

Still in their scarecrow disguises the two emissaries of the Time Lords lowered the second Doctor gently onto the floor of the TARDIS. Imprisoned in his force field, the Doctor smiled. He had given his captors a good run for their money since giving them the slip on Earth. But now it was over. Sentence would be carried out.

A shudder passed through his body as he felt the first stirrings of regeneration. What next, he wondered. Old? Young? Short? Tall? Ah well, he grinned, looking at his captors' grimy straw-covered faces, anything was better than looking like a scarecrow...

THE THIRD DOCTOR



TEA FOR 2

NESS BISHOP

(Fan)

"Oh Heavens!" sighed the little man,
"Now which one shall it be?
A tea or coffee? Oh my word!
I think I'll have the tea!"

A tray of tea was duly brought,
Each cup a different brand -
"Oh no! Too sweet! Too strong! Too weak!
Too lemony! Ugh! Too bland!"

"Good grief! Can't take you anywhere!"
His drinking partner snapped
As he rubbed his chin with a furious hand
And his frilly shirt sleeves flapped.

"P'raps I should make my mind up quick,"
The little fellow mumbled
As he eyed what had befallen him
The last time he had bumbled...

TIME WILL TELL

DAVID BURKE

(Fan)

The Master leaned forward with a smile on his face; "Poor, pathetic fool." The Master liked to gloat, even when he was alone.

"After trying and failing with the same ploy after our encounter against Axos, I thought that even the foolish Doctor would have learnt. But no, he thought he could outwit me. He may have foiled my plans again, but I am free. When we next meet he will pay for that mistake. He cannot trap me in something as simple as a Time Loop."

The Master leaned forward with a smile on his face; "Poor, pathetic fool."

DIFFERENT WORLDS
(Two Extracts From The Doctor's Diary)

GRAHAM MCKINNON
(Fan)

JANUARY 15th - ISLINGTON

People think I'm strange. I was having lunch with the Brigadier today (*baked lasagne and asparagus tips*), and he said: "In all the years I've known you, I've never seen you go to the toilet."

And I replied, because I was sick of people saying such things: "Well I'm not of this planet, am I?" I think I sounded a bit too cross, so I added: "It's all to do with the atmosphere."

JANUARY 16th - PLANET ZBLODW

Zblodwians think I'm strange. I was having lunch with Ytulwr Qrwrt today (*smoked bluutfish and xfujprut fritters*), and he said: "How come you're always needing the toilet?"

SOUNDS FAMILIAR

TONY ROACH

(Fan)

Rounding a corner of the tunnel, the Doctor found a hanging tapestry. Pulling it fractionally aside, he saw a tall, elegantly dressed man chatting to an octopoid alien.

"Where are we?" whispered Leela.

"Forced landing. We hit a time ripple. I shouldn't be here... not with me."

The Doctor grinned, winking at his baffled companion. They hurried back aboard the TARDIS, which began dematerialising as a huge beast lumbered forward, its roar blending with the churning wheeze of dematerialisation.

"Aggedor!" wailed the octopoid.

The tall, foppish man pricked up his ears; he thought momentarily he'd heard a more familiar sound...

I DON'T WISH TO KNOW THAT - KINDLY LEAVE THE BARRACKS!

JON PERTWEE

(Actor - The Doctor)

As the Doctor, my hair had to have a period look, and the BBC make-up girls set it up in carmen rollers. I was filming 'The Planet of the Spiders' in an Army Barracks at the time, and I was suffering from a slipped disc. To relieve the pain, I wore a specially designed corset, and there I was, in my long johns, wearing a surgical corset, laced-up whalebone corset, with my hair in curlers, when the Company Sergeant walked in. He took one stunned look at me, turned purple, and announced "I don't believe it! Doctor Who's a poofter!"

HAIR TODAY - WIG TOMORROW!

GEORGE EVANS

(TV and Radio Writer)

I remember that when Jon was on location, children could never believe his hair was real. On one occasion, a small, fattish and inquisitive boy of considerable beef, shouted "I fink you're wearing a wig!"

"No, I'm not," replied Jon indignantly, "have a pull!"

Immediately getting a firm grip of Jon's hair, Fatty jerked with such strength that he pulled a complete handful out of Jon's scalp.

He had so much hair in his chubby hand, that he would have been justified in turning to his Mother, and saying "There you are, Mum. I told you it was a wig!'

CELEBRATION

JOHN M. RIMMER

(Fan)

Jon Pertwee sat in the pub with what was left of his pint. He was pleased.

Earlier on there'd been a call from the Palace. He was going to be included in the King's birthday honours list. He'd been honoured with a life peerage. Better than a Knighthood, he knew, but how long did he have left to enjoy it?

Services to entertainment, notably *Doctor Who*, yes he was very pleased. All his friends had died leaving him nobody to celebrate with, though.

"Time, sir," the barman said.

Jon drank. "That's time, Lord, if you don't mind," he replied, leaving.

SHAME

TONY COOKE

(Fan)

Brigadier Bambera stalked the halls of the old UNIT Headquarters.

Now little more than a warehouse, one facet of the old days remained. The Doctor's laboratory. Having met him she had to see it.

The key opened the rusty lock.

"Brigadier, what have you done with..." The voice stopped as the man turned.

"Expecting Lethbridge-Stewart? He's retired. I'm the Brigadier."

"Oh dear," said the man, fingering the frills on the front of his shirt, "It seems I've overshot my destination."

He darted into the TARDIS, which disappeared with a cacophonous wail.

The noise was joined by a single word:-

"Shame!"

THE DOCTOR'S GREATEST ESCAPE

KEITH BROOKE

(Science Fiction Author)

They tracked him across space and time to the jungles of Zygax. Methodically, they burned every giant tree; now the Doctor cowers in the last thicket on the entire planet.

To the north, Cybermen scan the undergrowth for body heat. To the south, a tin can necklace of Daleks waits. To either side there are reptilian Monoids, Sontarans methodically searching, malevolent insectoids lurking, Clangers whistling menacingly from the gloom.

All have come together in hatred of the Doctor. Now the TARDIS is destroyed and he is trapped. Finally, the Master gives the command to advance.

(*... to be continued next week.*)

THE FOURTH DOCTOR

INTO THE FOURTH REGENERATION: THE GOWNED TIME-TRAVELLER

MICHAEL BELL

(Fan)

"Sorry, must run! The Brigadier thinks I'm still with that Sullivan chap. Thanks for the tea." Dashing for the TARDIS, the Doctor suddenly sneezed.

"Wait a moment," warned Madame Nostradamus. "You need something for your sickness."

Grinning, he turned to her. "I'm afraid it's not any ordinary illness."

"I don't care what it is," replied the old woman. "Take this scarf. I always tripped over the damn thing." To the Doctor's amazement she handed him an incredibly long multi-coloured scarf.

"I can't thank you enough. Don't forget to give those dates to Michel. Good-bye."

And with that the TARDIS vanished.

TO SARAH JANE,
WOT I LIKE BEST OF ALL

NESS BISHOP AGED 8, WROTE IN 1976

(Fan)

You're the best one wot I've seen,
You're clever with your brain,
You're nice like Mrs. Potts at school,
My favourite - Sarah Jane.

I like it when you makes a face
(Like I do when it's sprouts),
And when the monsters make you cross
You hits them and you shouts.

You're good when you wear dungarees
And really REALLY brave,
'Cause you beat up all the Garlicks
And their shrivelled dad called Dave.

You've been with lots of Doctors now -
One with teeth wot's tall,
And one wot looks like my Nan's friend,
But I like you best of all!

THE HEART-ACHE, AND THE THOUSAND NATURAL SHOCKS

ELIZABETH HALLIDAY

(Fan)

Harry Sullivan had decided to walk through Regent's Park. Returning from a hush-hush job the stress had finally hit him on the Tube back to his flat and the suffocating arms of Ester.

"Must be getting too old," he thought. Turning into a back street his heart nearly staged a strike. Smugly sitting on the pavement was the unmistakeable blue shell of the TARDIS! Trembling, Harry approached it.

Suddenly, workmen appeared and began to haul it through a doorway.

"I say, what's happening?" Harry asked.

Jerking his thumb at the Madame Tussaud's sign on the door, one replied, "Police exhibition."

A NIGHT OUT AT THE DOG AND BOTTLE

DAVID MARTIN

(Script Writer)

There was something wrong. The Doc and Bob had been battling the Invisible Enemy all day. And the Invisible Enemy was winning. It always did until the last episode.

"Time!" shouted a voice a long way off. Yes, he thought, that's the problem. Time, the Invisible Enemy of the Writers With No Ideas.

Back home in Gormenghast, a black bottle stood on the table. He poured himself a slug - fished it out - drank the rest. An idea slowly bloomed. K-9 was born. He picked up the bottle. Vin Gogh 73. What's this 'ere, he thought, and then he thought - Magic.

AN EASY MISTAKE TO MAKE

ANDREW LANE

(Author)

As the blue box faded like a broken dream, Leela lowered her head in sadness.

"Such a shame," Borusa murmured from behind her, his voice echoing through the vast empty space of the Panopticon.

"Couldn't you have reminded him?" Andred asked. Leela could hear the distress in his voice.

"Protocol forbids one to nudge the memory of a Lord President," Borusa snapped, "even one as erratic as the Doctor. It's a simple rule. Aliens are not allowed on Gallifrey."

Leela reached behind her for Andred's hand, but all she could feel was the smooth, cold shape of his raised staser.

THE CRUELTY OF TIME

SIMON J. IRVING

(Fan)

The dark curly haired Doctor, in the standard Time Lord regalia, sat in the corner of the Panopticon, hoping to see Andred's promotion to Castellan.

The Doctor's attention turned to a small party entering by the door just to his left. The Doctor's hearts skipped beats.

"K-9, if we are late," snapped an old lady, gliding in via a comfortable 'Hoverchair'.

"If you allowed me to make certain modifications Mistress," began the robot dog at her side.

"Sometimes you speak like a Tesh, K-9," she muttered.

"Time," the Doctor mused, but a tear appeared in the corner of his eye.

THE PRESS AND I

LOUISE JAMESON

(Actress - Leela)

Since appearing in *Doctor Who* certain articles about my chequered self have appeared with boring regularity. Example: the father of my first child is married (untrue), and black (true - but so what?).

Example: I'm having an affair with a murderer - currently Her Majesty's guest in Wormwood Scrubs (where did they get *that* one from?).

Example: I'm an ardent feminist (true) running a shelter for battered, homeless women (untrue).

Dear Reader, *please* reach for the more up-market rags, and if you should perchance just happen upon the *Sun* take good note of what is in quotes and not what is inferred.

MARK FOUR

PETER ANGHELIDES

(Writer/Researcher)

Working from memory isn't always easy, but working from reports is perhaps more difficult. A few months' effort though, and you'd have thought I'd had blueprints.

One last minor adjustment, and the lights blinked on. The tail aerial wagged a wary greeting. The radar sensors pricked into life.

I flicked briefly over the tongue of ticker tape. "Old technology. You're a collector's item already."

It hummed, a mechanical question in a rising note.

"I hardly suppose I need to introduce myself," I murmured, running a clean finger along the burnished black casing.

"Affirmative, Master," whirred K-9. "I will obey you."

READACROSS

JIM MORTIMORE

(Author)

000 1101 10101 1001 10110 0110 101101 101 010101 0101 0100 *help*0101110 0010 101 01 *mas*101 0001 00101 10101 01001 10101 0101 0101 10000001 10101 10101 O*ter!*1 101 101 01 10 1010111000 10 10 101 0101011*functi*111*on imp*111010101 0101010 101 01 0100101 101010 1010101 0010 101 001 010101 *paired!*101 01 0110 010 10 010 10 10 0100100 01010 10101 101 10 00010 1111100 01 10 010 01 01 01 01 0101 01 01 01 01

THARILS

DAVID TULLEY

(Fan)

A creature out of a fairy tale.

No pantomime cries
just the heavy chains
of dwarfstar alloy
to hold the dream in place.

The Masters made slaves
a race come full circle
catching itself up
and passing, moving on.

Sifting futures
like sand in the paw
a long beach full of possibility.

To focus on one future
is to deny all the others.

A thousand dreams die
when one is realised.
Walking the narrow bridge between
broken dreams and broken hearts.

He roars defiance
at time and space
rages against the universe
and the manacles
draw him back to us.

SHORTLY AFTER ARMAGEDDON...

(On Being Replaced By Astra And Cast Thither By Unknown Forces)

MICHAEL E. P. STEVENS

(Fan)

Ever been to Hell? Romana's there now; it's cool, white, and impossible all over. She's not religious - there has been no religion taught at the Academy for millennia - but she feels like praying. Nothing will stay where it is; this whole area is like a world of shifting sands, a jigsaw which weirdly fits by any combination. Someone's been messing around with randomising circuitry.

Romana knows that there must be a way out of this hell, before she withers or someone starts jettisoning rooms.

So, with her flowing raven hair undone and her silken white gown torn, Romana keeps a-running...

THE FALL AND RISE OF THE DOCTOR

MICHAEL HASLETT

(Fan)

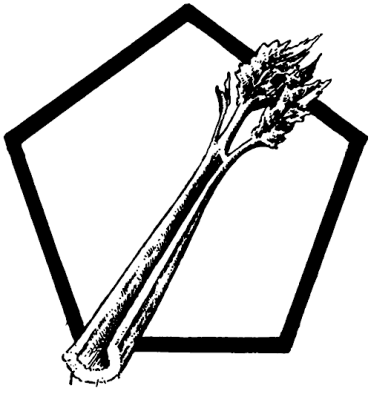
The tall bohemian Time Lord made his melancholy way to the beach. He took a moment to stare out beyond the time and space horizon, before nodding sadly to himself and beginning to undress.

His endless scarf atop the motley discards, he became aware of his naked body trembling and the sea reaching out to caress his toes.

"Yet what am I?" he asked, "but another pebble on time's beach, another drop in the universal ocean?"

Gently the Doctor became one with the waters and headed towards the teasing lights of another alien shore. "Where destiny," he smiled, "only begins. . ."

The Fifth Doctor



THE ULTIMATE TEST

DAVID J. HOWE

(Writer/ Researcher)

The Doctor flexed his fingers and concentrated. All his friends were against him. Nyssa was by the TARDIS doors, knees bent, hands tense, waiting for the Doctor's next move. Adric crouched by the inner door - the Doctor would not pass, not this time. Tegan faced her opponent. In her hand she held the intended instrument of the Doctor's downfall. The Doctor crouched lower, testing the balls of his feet against the floor. He was ready to run. Tegan's arm moved swiftly and a small pile of tin cans behind the Doctor clattered to the ground.

"Owzat!" yelled his companions triumphantly.

THE TARDIS BITES BACK

BECKY MAUDE

(Fan)

"I've had it up to here," thought the TARDIS. "All they see me as is an inanimate object that goes vwoorp vwoorp and dematerializes appearing somewhere else! Well not this time Doctor dear - I'm staying put."

The Doctor burst in rubbing his hands eager to be off - "Now where to this time?"

A message appeared on the screen:

"Nowhere - as I haven't had a holiday for many millennia I'm taking one now!"

"What?" screeched the Doctor.

"No vwoorp vwoorp vanish that's what!" flashed the screen.

"Look at this!" yelled the Doctor.

"May I suggest that we walk!" chuckled his assistant.

DAYS LIKE CRAZY PAVING

GLENN LANGFORD

(Fan)

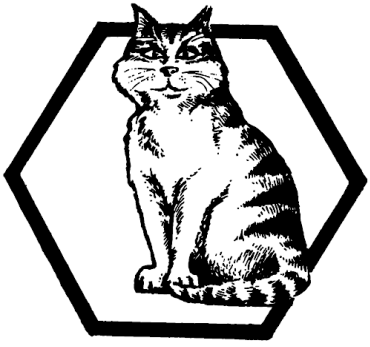
The world was suddenly swallowed by a yawning blackness somehow deeper than stygian. A vague sensation of falling, then another, sharper feeling, a feeling of rapid displacement - a feeling of being pulled. He cried out in pain, but the only sound he heard was the high, keening wail of the void. It attacked his senses, stole his consciousness.

The bombardment ceased - silence reigned. He knew before his eyes opened that he was no longer in the garden.

The old man looked, saw the shining silver walls, saw lightning flash, saw his distorted reflection, saw adventure beckoning.

Oh no not again...

THE SIXTH DOCTOR



THE OTHER SIDE OF MADNESS

AMANDA MURRAY

(Fan)

He was awake. Sleep came fitfully since his battle - his shallow victory.

The cost? His soul? Her life?

He assured her it wouldn't happen again.

Did she believe him? Or was she pretending? Like him.

Rage lurked inside, poisoning him. He remembered his hands tightening around her neck.

Fear!

Adrenalin!

Enjoyment.

What if it happened again?

What if!

Peri was human - nothing. He was a Time Lord - everything.

Don't do it yet... Not now.

Not ever! Control returned.

For now.

Madness subsided and he unclenched his hands. Inches from her vulnerable neck.

She turned in her sleep.

He left, silently.

FUTURE-SPEAK

DAVID GREEN

(Fan)

"Very impressive," grinned the Doctor. "But this con really must stop."

The cowled, shadowy figure eyed the curly haired intruder with childlike disdain. "I know of no 'con'. I am a mere stargazer; a foreteller of truths."

"Poppycock!" thundered the Doctor. "Whoever you are, TARDIS thefts are extremely irresponsible," he admonished.

The man laughed impishly and raised his head sufficiently for the light from the fire to play across his features.

"Doctor! Hypocrisy doesn't become you."

The sight of the man's face momentarily surprised the Doctor.

"Nostradamus was always too smart for his time period."

"Quite! Quite!" chuckled the Monk.

BROWN'S STUDY

PAUL HARRINGTON

(Fan)

Third side, fifty-two across, (4,5): Universal truth or, erroneously, Chronos' calcanea. Wandering aimlessly and still cogitating this most weighty of cubic crossword problems, the dark-haired, baggy-trousered Doctor found himself in the living quarters of the TARDIS. Pushing absent-mindedly at the nearest door, his thoughts were jolted out of gear by a number of objects, brimming with tortuous remembrances. Memories of Perpugillium Brown.

"Loose ends must be tied," the Doctor determined. But how would he be received? "Ah well," he thought, trying unsuccessfully to reassure himself, "Time heals."

And, with that, he returned to the Games Room, third side, fifty-two across.

DOPPELGANGER

MARK STAMMERS

(Writer/Researcher)

Commander Maxil tapped the entry code into the door panel and entered his quarters. Once inside the darkened room he stood silent and still, as if hypnotised. Two figures emerged from the shadows.

"Has this demonstration of my control over the matrix convinced you?"

"Indeed; this simulacrum of the Doctor's sixth regeneration is perfect."

The first stranger pressed a button on his controller and Maxil vanished.

"Begin building evidence against the Doctor using the Matrix; your payment will be as agreed."

"Thank you Cardinal."

The Cardinal swept out the door into the citadel, leaving the Valeyard to complete his plans.

THE TRAIL OF A TIMELORD

TIM CHAPMAN

(Fan)

For no apparent reason, the Doctor is abducted by some hats who insist on showing him poor quality videos.

The Mysterious Plotline.

"Doctor, this seems very familiar," said Peri. They run up some corridors, defeat the aliens, and leave questions unanswered.

Mindwart.

"Doctor, what strange decor," said Peri.

They run down some corridors, don't defeat the aliens, and leave the plotline.

Terrapin of the Vervoids.

"Doctor, what convincing aliens," squeaked Mel.

They pace the corridors, commit genocide, and don't understand the storyline.

The Master mysteriously appears, and explains the plot.

They go to the beach and the funfair, and everyone gets their comeuppance. Colin Baker certainly gets his.

DOCTOR WHERE?

ADRIAN MIDDLETON & STEVE GRAEME

(Fans)

Materialising in an office at Shepherds Bush, the police box doors swing open. The tasteless curly haired pied piper storms over to Mr Grade. Fists slam upon a table.

"I will not be cancelled! I resign!" He re-enters his timeship. It dematerialises.

"Come on, old girl, we have an appointment with a cottage in Wales."

Arriving on a beach overlooked by cottages, he sees a giant bubble bounce towards him from the sea. Fleeing to nearby rocks, he crashes into a short shabby hobo with a recorder, who says...

"I am Number Two. You are Number Six. Welcome to the Village."

THE FUN FACTORY

IAN M. FRASER

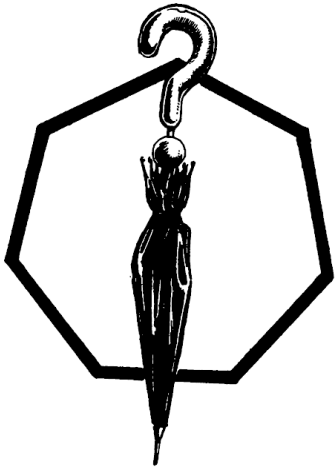
(Production Manager)

Music filters
Through the night
Laughter reaches out
To touch the stars
In the shadows of the factory
There sits a man alone

The fat jovial man
Tears of laughter rolling down his cheeks
Seemingly immersed in fun
Thinking with only half his mind
On what the comedian is saying
The other part is lost in loneliness
The thought of what could have been
With vivid pain
Sends a picture across his brain
To recall the face of a girl.
Full of joy and life

Suddenly the sounds of laughter
Vanish
Although he tries to banish
Her from his mind.

THE SEVENTH DOCTOR



GOODBYE/PICCADILLY/ HELLO/HEATDEATH

PETER DARVILL-EVANS

(Editor, Author)

"One last look, you said."

"A naff idea, alright? I've seen enough. Cars going nowhere. Smog as thick as custard."

"It's a natural process."

"Umpteen million years of fossil fuels turned into gridlock? Natural?"

"Everything burns eventually. They're just - assisting entropy."

"Professor!"

"It isn't easy for individuals to change the habits of a lifetime. Harder for a species."

"Gallifreyan science is environmentally friendly, anyway. Let's move, Doctor."

He smiles nervously, fingers crossed. Computations probe the space-time vortex; conceptual ducts channel the raw energy. The TARDIS accelerates, bejewelled with vibrant power. The life expectancy of the Universe shrinks by another millennium.

THE TRAGEDY OF ERRORS

PAUL CORNELL

(Author)

The Doctor ran out of the TARDIS, Ace behind him. "Stop!" he shouted. The customers of the Elizabethan tavern looked up.

Robert Poley had been about to pull the dagger from his jacket. His comrades had grabbed the graduate by the arms.

The Timelord stepped forward. "If you kill Marlowe, he'll never write 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'. Elizabeth, depressed, starts a war with France..."

"That was Shakespeare!" Ace whispered.

"Which reality are we in?" the Doctor muttered to himself. Then he turned and strode back to the TARDIS.

From behind him there came the sound of blade into wood.

BEETLING ABOUT IN TIME

JOHN PEEL

(Author)

The vicious tyrant, Sir Jasper, held Ace captive, forcing the Doctor to bring him a new bard for his medieval feast. The Doctor journeyed to Liverpool in 1960, where he persuaded four young men to come along for a gig.

At the feast, however, Sir Jasper was so obnoxious that the Beatles were not amused. The final insult came when he demanded tribute from them. Paul hit him over the head with his guitar. Sir Jasper hit the floor, out cold, and his wife became hysterical.

"Don't worry, luv," John told her. "He'll be fine. He's just a bard-dazed knight."

CLEAN UP TIME

GARY RUSSELL

(Editor)

Ace had to finish quickly.

The aliens had promised the mixture would work, but it didn't seem to have done yet. She pushed it down harder, watching more air bubbles heave their way to the surface.

Up. Down. Side to side.

Ace *hated* it - and pretended she was drowning it! She heard him coming and yanked it out of the tub, splashing alien liquids everywhere.

"It worked! They're gone. *Forever!*"

He held out his hand, angrily. Rather sheepishly she handed it over, yellow with green trim and very soggy. But it'd *worked!*

Hooray!

The stupid question marks were finally gone!

A HUNDRED WORDS LATER

STEPHEN WYATT

(Script Writer)

"Is this a novelisation then, Doctor?" Ace asked breathily.

"Of course it is," riposted the Doctor, scratching his head energetically for no particular reason.

"You're sure?" Ace returned, giving him a significant look.

"Absolutely sure," the Doctor replied confidently, breathing heavily through his nostrils.

"And that's why it's filled with 'said' and 'replied' and 'interposed' and 'chortled' and 'extorted' plus a load of irrelevant physical description and unlikely physical actions?"

"Exactly," the Doctor answered with a profound air of mystery.

Ace was silent.

"Ace," the Doctor warned, "keep on asking the stupid questions. There's still thirty thousand words to go..."

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH, ET CETERA

KEITH TOPPING

(Fan)

"How come we seem to spend all our time these days at funerals Professor? It's depressing..."

Wryly, she says something profound. Satisfying a smart criteria. Still. Whatever she does, she'll end the same way as everyone else; flat on her back with a tube in her nose wondering "Is that all?"

How do Timelords die? Alone, afraid and silent, like everyone.

"Cancel my subscription to the resurrection..." Emotionally mirrored. Mystical. Stone-cold. Immaculate.

The ice-blue sky turns thick black as they trudge from the grave.

"It's only death on a physical level," he reflects. She almost believes him.

Today, at least.

QUESTIONS

ERIC PRINGLE

(Script Writer)

Who's Who? you ask, wanting to fix him in your mind.
How can you bind thought, tie dreams,
Or pin down Time?

What's Who? you cry. Flesh, fish or fowl?
Has he substance? Form?
Of course. Look inside your mind and mine.

Where will you find him? Where may you
Hope to touch and see him face to face?
Only in the beating of your heart.

Whence does he come? Where go?
Hearken to the rhythm of the stars.
Out there is the cause and the conclusion.

Will of the wisp imagination,
Hovering and burning in a galaxy
Of light.

ACE'S DIARY ENTRY
23rd NOVEMBER 2062

SOPHIE ALDRED

(Actress - Ace)

Dear diary: Well, I don't mind admitting to you that I'm well scared. The atmosphere in the TARDIS has become heavy and unbearable over the last few days. Don't know how much more I can take. The Professor's dead edgy and nervous; I've never seen him so tense, and that worries me, it really does. I know now that if he doesn't manage to get hold of a supply from somewhere within the next few days, there'll be big big trouble. So. How am I going to tell him it was me who nicked his last packet of jelly babies?

TRUST ME, I'M A DOCTOR
(The Cafe Royale, New Orleans, 1965.)

STEVE MORGAN
(Fan)

(First place in the *Doctor Who Magazine* Drabble competition)

"Great sax-player, Professor."

"Mmmm, I've heard him before." The Doctor nodded towards a tall man in a bright scarf, sat nearer the stage.

"You mean that's you!"

"One of me."

"Isn't this breaking the laws of time or something?"

"A little. But don't worry, it's more impolite than anything."

Annoyed at his smugness, Ace sat back.

The saxophonist finished his set. As he walked past, Ace impulsively held out a menu.

"Hi. Could you sign this, please?"

He scribbled something, winked once and left. She looked down at what he'd written.

'To dearest Ace,
From your old friend
The Doctor.'

SARAH'S HURT

('Train-Flight': Prologue)

ANDREW W. DONKIN & GRAHAM S. BRAND

(Comic Strip Writers)

(Shortly after submitting this Drabble, Graham S. Brand tragically died in a car accident. Our sympathies go to all who knew and worked with him.)

Sarah jumped. The sound had crept up on her like a jungle cat stalking its prey. The too familiar wheezing noise carried away her heart like a hapless butterfly on cold autumn winds. He was back.

The blue doors opened and out stepped a small man in a straw hat. He was grinning as if it was every Christmas day rolled into one, and in his outstretched hand was a white rose. Sarah's brow creased and her visitor looked sad and suddenly older.

Inside her the pain of that botched and bungled goodbye welled up like it was yesterday.

"Sarah?"

HELL TO PAY

JIM MORTIMORE

(Author)

Death will see you now; the cold, black breath stealer. The Master's Master.

Listen: disdaining to creep, he dances upon ancient lives; his cologne: wet moss, cold on gravestones. Turn: he's waiting, old bones cloaked in stormy air, anticipating your company.

Would you like a little conversation?

He has plenty of time to chat.

Let me seat you, here, by the fire. A little thick red wine, perhaps? Oops! Did that hurt? I'm so sorry.

What's he holding? Why, your soul of course. Yes. Even you had one.

It was rather beautiful wasn't it?

Do you think you'll miss it?

WHEEL OF LIGHTS

RICHARD W. DANCE

(Fan)

The stars were brightest now. They had held the attention of the figure below for some time, a tantalizing message scattered across the night sky like a thousand possibilities, possibilities that scarcely seemed to enliven his imagination as they once had; he had known too many of their capricious alternatives.

"You worry me sometimes, Professor: you remind me of me, always wanting more than you can have."

The figure turned slightly, aware of the youthful presence behind him, like his own spirit of adventure urging him to throw the dice once more.

"Yes," he said. "I hope I always shall."

TIME OUT

MERVYN HAISMAN

(Script Writer)

The TARDIS had landed badly and now all they could see through the scanners were rough wooden boards hemming them in on all four sides. Then, from above, they heard a faint, distant voice, "Okay Joe, let it go." There was an ominous rumbling sound and the TARDIS was slowly engulfed in concrete.

"Everything's working now," proudly proclaimed the Doctor. But whatever he did, however many buttons he pushed, the TARDIS, in its concrete overcoat, remained firmly fixed within the foundations of the new wing of the Television Centre. "Hmm..." mused the Doctor. "We may be here for some time..."

A SUITABLE GIFT (AND A SAFE ONE!)

ALISON JACOBS

(Fan)

"I must give you *something*, Brigadier."

"No, really Doctor, it isn't necessary."

"But you've got married."

"I was just thinking of what you gave Miss Grant when she got married."

The Doctor looked pained. "I admit I made a slight... miscalculation. But don't worry, that was the only crystal I had. I was thinking of something purely decorative."

"I know just the thing!"

He dashed into the TARDIS and dematerialized, rematerialising, half an hour later and six inches to the left. He handed his surprised friend a small box.

"Fabergé!"

Inside was a tiny gemstone knight and his golden lady.

A MYSTERY SOLVED?

STEVEN JENKINS

(Fan)

The sea of corn sways gently in the silent night-time breeze. Suddenly a noise, a strange groaning sound, rings out. Then once more, quickly becoming only a memory, leaving quiet.

Dawn comes, at first only a glimmer in the sky, and then in all its glory. But something is amiss! Where once, unblemished, stood the swaying corn, now lies a shape - a circle of such perfect geometric proportion that Archimedes would be proud of it!

In the centre lies an object. What can it be? An umbrella? Surely not. The handle, a most curious shape, almost like a question mark...

IS THAT A TARDIS IN YOUR POCKET...?

JOHN FREEMAN

(Editor)

"Hey man, there's something stuck in my pocket," said the Greatcoat from its peg in the hallway. John sighed, put down his book of tall tales and dug deep into the extra-dimensional abyss inside his favourite, sentient coat.

"This had better not be anything unsavoury," he growled, remembering the basking shark that had suddenly leapt from the coat during a recent trip to the supermarket. His hand closed on a rectangular shape and he pulled it out.

It was a police box, perfectly shaped, which suddenly groaned and vanished. "Imagine that," said the Greatcoat. "What will they think of next?"

DRABBLE IN THE TARDIS

NATHAN COOKE

(Fan)

"This is stupid."

Silence.

"Are you sure it's a hundred, Professor, not a thousand?"

"Quiet, Ace."

"I just get going and I run out."

"Keep trying."

"It's too dark."

Although the Doctor claimed the gloom helped him concentrate, Ace reckoned it was just a fashion statement to enhance his new jacket. The Doctor scowled and stroked the console. The light rose from navigation level.

"It's impossible, Professor. I've seen more words on a park bench."

"It can be done."

"Go on then."

"The trick is to get the word count to ninety-eight..."

"Yeah. Then what?"

The Doctor smiled. "The end."

CONTRACT KILL

M. R. MORGAN

(Fan)

"Isn't she up yet?" grumbled the Doctor. Ace was like all teenagers; she enjoyed her lie-ins. He turned away from the console, intent on rudely awakening her. The air parted before him as a Giggling Sneersman Assassin slid through a warp:gate and unsheathed poison-tipped scimitars.

"Contract kill, not personal," it chanted. "You annoy one species too many."

It lunged, blades poised. The double-doors swung open, abruptly sucking it past the Doctor into the vortex outside.

"Well done, old girl."

Later:

Ace rubbed the sleep from her eyes. "Did I miss anything?"

He told her, but she never did believe him.

THE HUNT: SEQUEL TO 'SURVIVAL'

BRIAN MILLIGAN

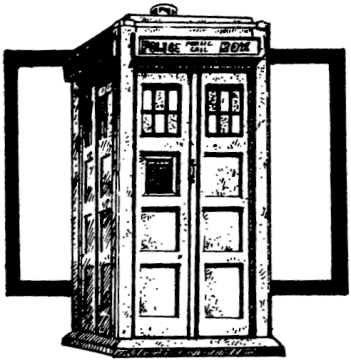
(Fan)

The Doctor vanishes, leaving the Master. His overwhelming animal desires ceasing temporarily, the Master becomes aware of his destructing surroundings, he too vanishes arriving at his TARDIS.

His transformation into a Cheetah person accelerating, growing animal instincts urge him to hunt the Doctor. The Doctor attempts to evade him but realises Ace too is transforming, and begins to hunt for a cure.

The Doctor, now transforming himself, is trapped by the Master, but a truce is called. Upon finding the cure, only the Doctor remains untreated, as the Master tricks him leaving him to suffer. He regenerates replacing infected cells.

Epilogue



IN THE MIRROR

NICHOLAS ROYLE

(Horror Author)

I stepped into the hollowed-out Dalek exhibit and peered at the mirror. I wanted to feel the thrill of being inside that which had terrified me as a child. A voice box would enable me to speak in an authentic voice but I was too much the grown-up to speak loud here. I was about to go when a shifting in the mirror caught my eye. I looked closer. The Daleks on the stand behind me had begun to move in my direction. I shuddered with a child's fear when their voices crackled into life. You know what they said.

THE MONSTER MAN'S LAMENT

DAVID TULLEY

(Fan)

How can I be a Dalek
when my feet don't touch the floor?

I've been a quark
I've been a yeti
I've been a mutt and many, many more

But when I get in the tin machine
I'm nothing but an old hasbeen
for I can't reach the floor

I can reach the eyestick
very quick

I can reach the exterminator
just like a terminator

I can reach the sink plunger
in and out it lunges

But when I sit on my little chair
I'm too high up in the air
and I can't reach the floor

Davros help me!

A DIVERTISSEMENT

NIGEL BANNERMAN

(Fan)

Trapped! The Doctor whirled to face the Dalek.

"EX-TER-MIN-ATE!"

The world turned white, then black, then white. The Doctor crumpled to the ground, dead!

His frail, silver-haired body blurred and a stocky, dark-haired man rose there. The ray lashed out again. He fell.

Again he metamorphosed. Tall and grey-haired, he stood. The ray lashed out once more. He staggered and caught himself against the wall but did not fall. It lashed again. He flinched.

Reaching into a pocket he withdrew two small gold-topped black cylinders and said "For six-times longer life - buy Duracel Batteries." And he smiled into the camera.

VICTORY

MARTIN POLLARD

(Fan)

Davros sat looking dejectedly out of the window of his 'base'. He had chosen the Houses of Parliament because they brought back fond memories of how he had tortured the unruly gathering within.

Something was getting at him, and he couldn't quite pinpoint it. Was it the incessantly annoying Dalek which guarded his room? Possibly. The colour of his wallpaper? No. Something else. It had been constantly harassing him since the day he conquered Earth. The last planet. The final onslaught. The end.

Davros was ruler over a dead galaxy... totally powerful, yet totally powerless.

What now?

He sat.

Waiting.

AN APOCALYPTIC DIGITAL MISTAKE

ROBERT HOWE

(Fan)

Davros sat listening to 'Desert Island Discs'. He was feeling very good. Before him was the button that would detonate millions of megatonnes of nuclear explosives deep in the heart of planet Earth. As the guest went off to his island, Davros pressed the button and the radio programme was abruptly replaced with static.

The Doctor was in a hurry. He had heard of Davros's plan and was determined to thwart it.

The TARDIS materialised on a small rock somewhere between Venus and Mars. The Doctor gazed at the emptiness.

"Damn," he said, and put his watch forward an hour.

WORDS OF CONQUEST

STEVE BOWKETT

(Children's Author)

"...our strength has always been in obedience. Individuality is weakness: acting as a single force, one mind, leads to eternal success!"

The voice of the Emperor Dalek briefly ceased beneath the violet sky of Drakonamegas; a sky filled with garishly coloured moons and a mist of stars.

Echoes died away. The machine monotone continued...

"And so, knowing this, I order our return to Skaro. There we will regroup and consolidate our plans for the next millennium..."

Slowly, without dissent, the Dalek army left. Inside the 'Emperor' the Doctor sighed. At last - and thank God - he had fixed the chameleon circuit...

SWEET DREAMER

STEPHEN GALLAGHER

(Script Writer)

Now listen, Doctor.

You *are* a doctor, aren't you? Good. I hope you don't mind me talking about my problem like this, but, you see... there's someone else living in this body with me. I can't prove it, but I know it's true because when I wake up, I'm exhausted and I never know why. He uses my body while I sleep. *That's* how the blood came to be on my hands.

A cure? But I don't want him to go.

I want to reach him.

Why should *he* have so much fun, while I'm having no fun at all?

PLASTIC SOUL

DAVID TULLEY

(Fan)

A hundred times a hundred thousand warriors, marching in perfect time. A hundred times a hundred thousand blank metal faces, round black circles for eyes and a flat line for a mouth. Silver shines, silver sheens, silver machines.

Cybermen.

Plastic veins, plastic heart, plastic soul. Hydraulic muscles to grind human bones to powder.

'BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD

I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD'

and yet

and yet...

Under the sounds of the marching feet and the screams of the dying, before and after.

Another sound.

A hundred times a hundred thousand warriors.

A single tear.

HOW DO YOU KILL DEATH?

DAVID TULLEY

(Fan)

The Ice Warrior lumbered into the egg chamber. Racks of eggs lay shattered, smoking under the red womb lights. A huge Martian mother lay curled protectively around lifeless larvae, eyes sightless behind optic screens.

The pattern of destruction was repeated as far as the eye could see. Even the special royal jelly chambers of the Ice Lords were ruptured open, occupants dead.

Cold precise rage was in the Warrior. He raised the sonic gun that was part of his arm, warily looking for an enemy.

The enemy found him first.

With a delicate rustling the Fendahleen sucked out his life.

THE END OF "EVIL"

MARK STAMMERS

(Writer/Researcher)

The Doctor viewed the apocalyptic scene from the TARDIS doorway. The creatures lay dead within the tangled wreckage of their machines.

It was over. The most vicious race in the Universe's history had ended their rancorous reign of destruction.

Killers without mercy, they had poisoned, polluted and enslaved any form of life different from themselves, but they met their end by their own hand, wiped out in a civil war on their home world.

They had frightened yet fascinated the Doctor, but it was time to leave. He closed the TARDIS door behind him and left the planet Earth forever.

TWO WORDS

JOHN WILES

(Producer)

A king of ancient times sent his philosophers into the world to discover the ultimate wisdom of the Universe. There was one proviso. It had to be contained in TWO WORDS only. It cannot be done, they said. Such a truth would need many words, perhaps as many as one hundred! But he insisted. "Two words only." Years passed and all the wise men returned to report failure. Except one. He claimed he had found the secret.

"In two words?"

"In two words."

"Tell me," said the king.

The wise man smiled. "Everything passes."

With that the king was content.

CENTENARIAN

DAVID BANKS

(Actor - Cyberleader)

Each year of life had left her with a special memory. Each would distil into a single word. The first word? Born. The same for everyone. Then came the differences. For her, at five, uncertainty. At eight, delight.

She lifts a mirror to her face. So many words. Years etched into flesh. Innocence. Love. Despair. Exhaustion. Her book of life, reflected. Wondering, she murmurs, "Never thought I'd live to see a hundred."

She names the passing years. "Kisses," she whispers. "Loss. Serenity. Boredom. Wisdom. Pain -" The mirror slips and smashes.

Once it held her image. Shattered. This, the hundredth word.

ISOLATION

FIONA CUMMING

(Director)

She descended the cliff path to the familiar landscape and examined it. Everything was the same - the tall, red pillars of straited rock were reflected in the dark, wet sand - the tide was out, revealing the black reefs, where no weeds grew. There was always a molten leaden feeling about the motionless clouds. Nothing stirred in the heat, apart from the trickle of sweat crawling down her back. She waited, becoming aware for the first time that something was different - slowly realising with certainty that the TARDIS was not going to materialise, and she was not going to wake up.

PARADOX

STEPHEN BAXTER

(Science Fiction Author)

What would you *really* do with a time machine?

The TARDIS was stolen. The Doctor, alone, waited.

You'd give yourself the machine ten years earlier. Wouldn't you?

Deserts bloomed, sudden. *Obler's paradox*, he thought.

But others would steal in turn. And go back, changing.

Cities bubbled.

Government-built time freighters, colonising the Permian. Man acquiring a million years. A billion.

If the universe were infinite and of infinite age -

At last, ape-fingers would touch the Singularity...

- then everywhere our eyes would meet a star's surface.

. . .and cause it to unravel.

The Doctor closed his eyes.

The sky shone, bright as suns.

"I AM THE DOCTOR"

JUSTIN RICHARDS

(Writer/Researcher)

The man who had spoken smiled, sitting where the previous gentleman had been. "You don't mind if I join you." It wasn't a question.

"Not another one," I muttered. But he heard me.

"I'm sorry, if I'm intruding -"

"Not at all. I seem to be having a surfeit of doctors today."

"Plenty more where I came from," he said. "Perhaps you've met a colleague." And we got to talking.. .

"Well, must dash," he said suddenly. And with a smile he was gone.

While I was still wondering who he really was, a voice startled me; different, yet similar, it said:

THE WHO INTERVIEWS

PAUL CORNELL

(Author)

Doctors, tell us your views on politics.

"Hmm? Simple! A strong, compassionate central government! Essential! Simple as the nose on my... hmm!"

"Yes... I don't really think I'm qualified to judge..."

"Well, old fella, there's nothing wrong with civilisation, provided you get to be uncivilised occasionally!"

"Old men droning on and on... on and on and... I say, do you think they'd let me join in?"

"Ah... "

"Politics? I'm an authority. Totally irrelevant. What matters is what's in here... fortunately I've got tons of that as well!"

"People meeting... talking about talking... telling old lies. All for money and advantage."

THE COLLECTOR

NESS BISHOP

(Fan)

"Oh yes, I've got it all, you know -
I keep it in a case,
See? That one's pens and there's a mug
With Colin Baker's face.

"Now this is something Pertwee wore
In 'The Sea Devils' of course,
No, I don't know what that stain is
But it smells like curry sauce.

"I've got a single Dalek ball
That's been signed by Terry Nation -
I keep it next to the underpants
And the Christmas decoration.

"A set of police box stickers there,
The original TARDIS key,
A 'Get Well Soon' Tom Baker card -
Yes, I've got it all, you see."

THE DREAM

DAVID J. HOWE

(Writer/Researcher)

Over the course of many years the fan had obsessively climbed the BBC's echelons. Often taking hated jobs but ones which would bring him closer to his ultimate goal.

He had started in accounts and had moved swiftly, changing jobs until he became an Assistant Floor Manager and finally Production Assistant, where he lay waiting for the moment.

Then it came. The Producer was leaving. Favours were called and then, after several weeks bargaining, he became Producer of *Doctor Who*.

The fan sat back in his empty office. He stared at the wall.

He had no idea what to do.

TIME-EXPIRED LORD

ROBERT SLOMAN

(Script Writer)

The Doctor was having a bad day. The TARDIS wouldn't start and a signal from Catharsis Three in the Megalomania Sector warned of another universe-threatening development. He had to act quickly. He shut himself in the control room, settled his thoughts and launched into a phase nine mental time-warp. By reversing the polarity of his thoughts he discovered the unwelcome truth. All the enemies he had been fighting over the years had been projections of his own psyche. He had one choice: stay quiet. If he published the truth he would be redundant. And only two million years old!

WHO'S SORRY NOW

JOHN NATHAN-TURNER

(Producer)

On a cold winter's morn down in Brighton,
As the sky started slowly to lighten,
Heavy footsteps I heard -
Yet no sound of a bird
And my skin crawled and started to tighten.

Footsteps ceased - as the stairs I descended.
Through the door I saw gaunt limbs extended -
They kept ringing the bell,
Relentless as hell.
I knew that my fears were not ended.

I expected a monster or creature
With green flesh and no human feature
From the show that's called *Who*.
That I used to do.
It was worse - it was the postman with a bloody *drabble* request!

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL

IAN STUART BLACK

(Script Writer)

It was one of those special occasions when one actor felt the need to go off and play Hamlet causing the present Doctor to disintegrate while another rose, phoenix-like, taking his place in further battles against War Machines, Savages, and the Macra.

"That's the ultimate secret," someone said. "Doctor can follow Doctor for ever."

The Producer shook his head. We'd been sipping his scotch and reached the indiscreet stage. "This is the *real* secret." He indicated a document. "It won't be made public until the nineties, not a word to the Press."

He read out the following amazing details. "First..."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS

CHRIS BOUCHER

(Script Writer)

"The brain," said the Curator, "retains everything. Time therefore becomes a diminishing proportion of experience. That's why to a child a day seems like a year and to an adult a year seems like a day. Time speeds up as you get older."

The child peered through the glass at the exhibit. "Is he really alive?"

"Yes," said the Curator. "But time is now passing so quickly for him that he can never again move relative to us." He smiled. "Can you tell me the paradox of the Immortal?"

"To live for ever you have to die," said the child.

A SORT OF ELEGY

BARRY LETTS

(Script Writer, Director, Producer)

Why do they sit there, sad-eyed and doleful,
Weeping buckets of tears (or at least the odd bowlful)?
Why stare at the screen as though it were empty
Or disdainfully turn from four channels aplenty?

Why do they sigh with a susurrant breath
As if they were mourning an untimely death?
Ssh! You can hear them, those voices so low;
Those murmurs of anguish; those whispers of woe:-

"When will it happen? When be the hour?
Will they ever abandon their ivory tower
And grant us the solace - the boon that we crave?
Before we sink (*Who*-less) into the grave..."

TIME OUT

ALUN HARRIS

(Fan)

The Doctor fell to the floor. He looked up weakly at his companion, Sean.

"This regeneration, it's weak... frail. Gone wrong. My fault. Too much activity. I should never have left Gallifrey. D'you see boy? I'm dying."

The Doctor convulsed in pain. "Don't worry, pain's only superficial." He screamed in agony. "For so many years I've... I've fought death. I've seen others die, but not me... no, not me." The Doctor was crying. Tears were streaming down his face. "So many others, but not me..."

"Doctor, *please*."

"No, boy. It's... it's too late."

He convulsed again, and then lay still...

THE END

CHRISTOPHER BARRY

(Director)

The blazing light fractured his eyelids where he lay as the persistent dumpity-dum dumpity-dum of the music crashed in his skull.

Nothing that had gone before had prepared him for this, not through all the eras he had known. There had always been that "Where am I? WHO am I?" experience that although disturbing was finally reassuring.

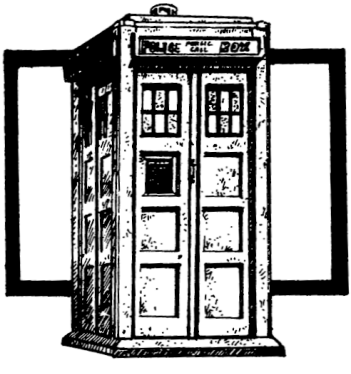
So what was different? What was wrong?

Gradually the vapours cleared. His mind reached touchdown. The awful, final realisation dawned. Never again would his twin hearts beat as one. The past was over. For ever.

Normal service would never be resumed.

THE END.

PUBLISHING HISTORY



AN UNEARTHLY CHILD

ROGER ROBINSON

(Drabble Publisher)

Once upon a time in the Kingdom of Brum there lived two brave knights. One was dark and stormy, and the other was not. Sitting Round a Table they conceived a quest - to improve the ability of the vassals in their Society to write clear and concise Chronicles. Unhappily these two knights had no catchphrase, company logo or other devilish power, so they had to raid the lair of the dread Monty Python and purloin from that fabled place the mystic word of DRABBLE. Using the magical force engendered by this word they engineered the construction of their fiendish offspring....

SURVIVAL

ROGER ROBINSON

(Drabble Publisher)

All the authors in the three Drabble books so far published submitted their stories on the clear understanding that they would receive no payment other than one copy of the book, and that ALL profits would be donated to charity.

The chosen recipient is the RNIB's "Talking Book" Library. The library caters for the 225,000 registered blind and partially sighted people in England, Scotland & Wales, and relies on the generosity of the public for its livelihood. The cost of recording a book is currently £500, and THE DRABBLE PROJECT is pleased to have donated over £2000 to this charity.